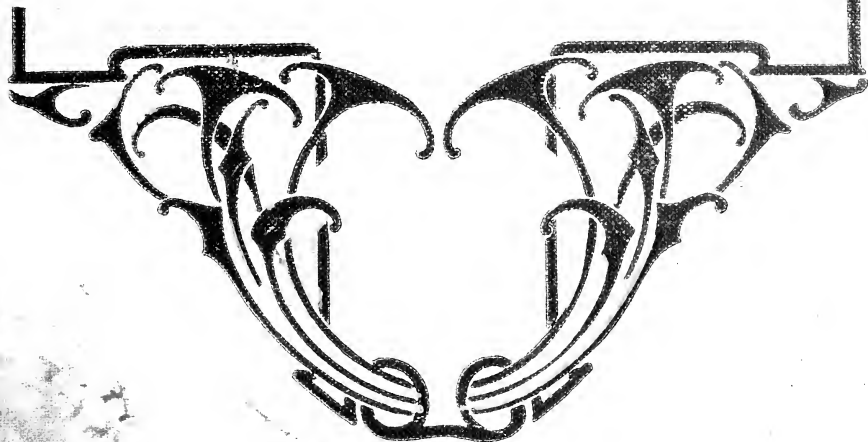


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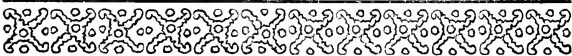
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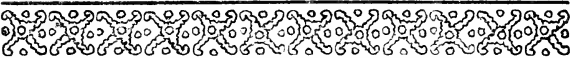
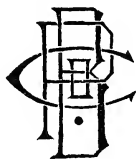
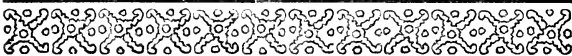


# LEISURE MOMENTS



...By...

SALMON = MACLEAN



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*Lovingly dedicated to my friends.*





“The poet’s age is sad: for why?  
In youth, the natural world could show  
No common object but his eye  
At once involved with alien glow—  
His own soul’s iris-bow.”

—ROBERT BROWNING.



## PREFATORY NOTES.

"A Risen City," which appears between these covers, is, properly speaking, only a sequel to that poem, "A Stricken City," published in the Autumn of 1907, in a little volume entitled *A Stricken City*.

At first I thought it well to lend the title, *A Risen City*, to this selection; but seeing that the writing of these poems had been the occupation of my spare moments, and hoping that they may be found fit for the filling up of many a leisure hour, I have decided to use *Leisure Moments* as the title of this book.

Since each of the two poems, mentioned above, may be regarded as two separate cantos of one poem, I may safely include here the verses, which I composed after the manuscripts of *A Stricken City* had left my hands, and which would be duly inserted in some future printing of that poem.

Of the remaining pieces, there are only a few, which lend themselves to the building up of what may be suggestive of a story: with that end in view, therefore, I have chosen the translation from Horace as the introductory

piece and "To Birdie" as that, with which the tale should end. In grouping the rest, I have paid respect to the relationship of their subject-matter.

I remember, quite well, that there are the standard authors and other authors of illustrious note to select from, so that in presenting this collection to the public, I do not wish it to be thought that I am claiming the attention better paid to them. I owe an apology, however, to those whom I may weary with these lines; but I shall take this opportunity to thank those, who, finding within these pages some entertainment for a leisure hour, will deign to listen to me.

For the sake of those who would sing the anthem, "God Bless Our Island Home," suffices it to say that the tune I had in mind, when I was composing it, was that sung to "God Bless the Prince of Wales."

January, 1909.

J. A. S.-M.

# Leisure Moments

## A RISEN CITY.

*"Pallida Mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum  
tabernas  
Regnumque tures."*

—HORACE.

*"Already, labouring with a mighty fate,  
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting  
brow  
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,  
Which Heaven will to the death of Time  
allow."*

*"More great than human now, and more au-  
gust,  
Now deified she from her fires does rise:  
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,  
And, opening, into larger parts she flies."*  
—DRYDEN.

The gloom, which hid thee, city, once bereft  
Of life and fertile hours, has wholly left,  
In this dim twilight, lines of Beauty's form—

A rescue from the billows, after storm;  
For, 'midst the shadows, some did toil and  
    toil,  
By Hope's bright rays, and leave, above the  
    soil,  
The monument to Faith and Duty, join'd,  
Which sable-shielded Night has left behind.

There, in yon glade high guarded by those  
    hills,  
The Rio Cobre gurgling drowns his rills;  
And innocent, yet with a murd'rous hand,  
He waters free broad fields at man's command,  
As through paths drill'd and dredged he constant pours  
The wealth unbounded of his num'rous stores.  
Whilst still the shades of those, who breathed  
    their last  
Within his iron throat, would stand aghast  
As unavenged, his honour doth remain  
A star to light each shade that would maintain  
Within thy streets for Darkness his glad reign,  
Should local voltage die with redd'ning wane.  
His romp and laughter gladden visits paid  
To where Jove placed his forges in that glade;  
(Jove, conscious of his power to move thy  
    wains,  
With blue eyes often peeps to view thy lanes).  
Proud escort of two dames he struts along;  
For, 'tween thee and Saint Jago, slow among

Thick giant grasses, shrubs, 'neath many a  
tree,  
He plods his silent way towards the sea;  
And there in quick'ning form his waters rise,  
And ebb, advance, retreat, with melodies.

Now, through the twilight, there invite my  
gaze  
The shades of those you nursed in long past  
days—  
Days that to them were hours, in which they  
dreamt  
A life, from whose toils they are now exempt.  
See good Yule crowded 'round by these glad  
throngs  
In thy great mart, to greet him with their  
songs;  
There, strings and brass still sweeten mingling  
strains  
Of happy children, mirth of older swains:  
Some, wont to worship on old Christmas  
morn,  
Keep conscious night's drear hours still to  
adorn  
Themselves with robes peculiar to the hour  
That breathes to mark Yule's advent; then  
adore  
Him, in their haunts renew'd, for gifts and  
pleasures,  
Which o'er earth he has strewn in varying  
measures.

But from across the vale they envy those,  
Whose day still flows towards time's dark-  
some close;

And, as afore, they crowd each cool resort,  
Up on the hills, and at thine eastern fort.

There on the hills, where every tropic tree  
And bud and flower seek immortality,  
Whither the crystal waters haste their steep  
Descent to meet in cisterns wide and deep,  
Whence slow they wend their hidden path to  
thee

Where once again they chatter when set free,  
E'en now I wander by each dewy lawn  
In fancy's dream (for here now breathes a  
Dawn).

See that young palm: she stands alone; around  
Her lies a carpet green, and gravel-bound.  
Look at yon grove, whose walls of trees pre-  
vent

The distant eye from seeing what is pent  
Within: there're rock'ries there 'neath wood-  
built cots,

Where ferns of every tribe do own their lots;  
Rose, jessamine, the tropic floral world  
In artful ways are everywhere unfurl'd.

And those haunts left, behind uncultured trees,  
Whose leaves must chatter with each fickle  
breeze,

A paradise but hides. Then now beside



The foam, or the soft ripples of the tide,  
Upon green grassy patches, linger I  
With Music, while she tunes a starlit sky.  
And oft I climb'd, at dark'ning twilight, that  
Old fort o'er there, while Phoebe o'er it sat;  
And thence I saw thee as thou wast; but now,  
Methinks, I see thee as thou art. Oh how  
Couldst thou, O city, ever leave a spot  
So fertile with fond pleasures? Bless thy lot;  
Renew thy hopes; and ever hold each charm,  
Which'll stand obliv'ous to all threat'ning  
harm.

What of the other charms that grace the land?  
'They works of Nature, thine of human hand.  
Though, as excelling thine, they win man's  
praise,  
Yet, near at hand, thine ready meet man's  
gaze.  
Now here they are, more num'rous they than  
thine:  
They are apart, I skip to each in *line*;  
For, absent there, no union binds me here  
To give the geographer a willing ear:

With climbing steps from Kendal's thirsty  
mead,  
Near four leagues north I rein my panting  
steed;  
Behind, a parish; facing, one doth stand;  
And gaping gorges gaze from either hand;

Here, in this path, in brotherhood are join'd  
A range before and rugged cliffs behind.  
A freak of rivers claims that cleft for birth—  
'There, o'er the left wheel, in that lap of earth;  
His name is Hector; buried many a time,  
He rises, too, as oft king in his clime;  
Still, in his grave beneath a bridge he sleeps;  
And o'er his dark broad bosom traffic sweeps.

That yon dark mount looks south: its visage  
shows  
To mem'ry bovine eyes, and horns, and nose;  
And Nature kind to him preserves his age  
To baffle calculations of the sage.

Who envies me now trailing but an ass  
Deep laden with three blankets, food, spy-glass,  
Intent to win in one night that proud peak,  
Whence I would rule a realm for half a week?  
He *envies* me, who reaching there espy  
Encircling waters fringe earth's canopy,  
When winds would shepherd kind their fleecy  
flocks  
To heights more humble, less of earth—more  
rocks.

'Midst hilly wilds, a scene quite quaint and  
grand  
Attracts the visitor, who roams the land;  
Beside a fall, which chatters loud, and e'er,  
A massive boulder lies secure; and there

Slim boulders, train'd to herculean task,  
Remain supports, and never aid would ask;  
And daily master and his slaves record  
The gifts of those, who names as gifts afford.

Between two precipices deep, and dark,  
To one of which the iron stairs still mark  
A knighted way, a broad white path, between  
Thick foliage, joins opposing banks: a scene  
Enrich'd by relics in caves 'neath the green.

Hard by the shores north-eastern, lies a fount  
Betwixt the legs of a too selfish mount;  
His darkish blue gives free the racing sun  
And ling'ring moon their pictures as they run,  
Whilst crowding herbage, rich with daily  
showers,  
Incessant test his photograph powers;  
But woe to man, whose steps would him be-  
tray,  
As 'long that climbing path above he'd stray!

And what can sunset give to please the sight?  
As from a subterranean path to light  
The pass'nger goes, far 'bove Montego town,  
He sees below, as quick he glances down,  
A carpet variegated cov'ring fields  
Of logwood, sugar, all the tropic yields.  
Upon the carpet's edge, a city sits  
Beside a bay, whose fringes Nature knits

Still; and there stretches that bay's sharp-cut  
line,

Watch'd by trees darkly green from 'midst the  
brine.

But where yon kiss the ocean and the sky,  
'The lord of day, in bidding earth good-bye,  
Would doff a hundred times his crimson cap,  
And leave it hanging o'er the ocean's lap.  
A few steps from the highway give a plain  
Enthroned full twelve feet 'bove the briny  
main;

The leafy screen, through which the path doth  
wind,

Conceals a cot—rich Pleasure's selfish find;  
Before it gapes an orifice drill'd large,  
Sunk through the massive granite near the  
marge;

In the huge throat an iron stairs but stand  
Erect, with feet deep buried in the sand,  
To see the cot rear from the rocky south;  
And near where stand the stairs, the gaping  
mouth

Of this famed Doctor's Cave an entrance  
gives

To waves, in which drug inexhaustive lives.  
Nearby, descends by steps a chisell'd way  
That meets the ocean where 'twould choose to  
play.

Right noble is the proud Saint James, for  
more

With wonders have the gods enrich'd his store:

No bluffing headland would add to his pride;  
Embedded 'midst the hills, far from the tide,  
So limited and cool, blue waters sleep,  
While shady trees surrounding vigil keep  
And mow the leaf-strewn margin of the  
couch.

Their tide but sleeps, the deep marsupial pouch  
Ejects its mermaids on the rock-bound shore,  
Should Nature's lips hush sounds they often  
bore.

And must a golden table float here, too?  
Must some hid treasure air its head anew?  
Old Tempus doth, at times, command each  
shade

Of watching Spanish servants to parade,  
When from the depths unfathom'd of a pool  
Ascend a golden table, and a stool;  
But to remain coveted Spanish art,  
Down, down they go. 'The guarding shades  
depart.

Then somewhere else would rise through fire  
and blood,  
'Midst leaf-topp'd twilight, or Sol's albine  
flood,

Some Spanish jar with golden charge en-  
closed—

A willing present rich for once exposed.  
Myth? Myth, perhaps, the table, stool, and  
jar.

(*Mafuta!* Chemist; test my good cigar.)  
But will *mafuta* still besmear thy walls,  
When Wine and Music pace thy lighted halls?  
Will foreign weed engage Jove's chymic hand,  
And let a lordly weed manure the land?  
Fair, lovely daughter, 'mid so many scenes,  
So rare, so grand, and scatter'd by ravines!  
Black River, grim Bull Head, Blue Mountain  
Peak,  
Cane River, Riversdale, Blue Hole in bleak,  
Bleak Portland, and Blue Hole—the mermaid's  
creek,  
The rest, too (of Saint James'), are of an age  
Too changeful, and still Nature's hand engage:  
Thou art of man; thy charms, of him; but  
they,  
Of Nature; and thy mother, Nature's clay.  
There're more of charms, thy mother's name  
recalls;  
Another theme would better make them  
thralls.  
From thy rent clay thy spirit wander'd long;  
And winds, and waves sad chant thee dirge,  
and song.  
Whilst tim'rous Nature wept, great Jove his  
voice  
Sent forth as herald, to bid earth rejoice;  
For, from above, the gods did show him there  
Beneath a ray-spun gloom thee, risen fair,  
Whom, as young Day rose from his cloud-  
draped bed

And brought thine easter glad, we saw not  
dead.  
Now from our hearts, once rent by sorrow's  
rod,  
And from our lips would rise glad praise to  
God;  
For now anew, in robes ethereal-like  
Thy new-born, newly modell'd form doth  
strike  
The eye that sends across thy narrow sea  
A shaded look towards Liguanea's lea.  
No more our tears bedew thy memory,  
No more thee as thy grave our eyes must see;  
We see as monument thy risen self,  
Or urn, thyself, upon that drooping shelf.  
Thou, new in form! What better word can  
give  
Thine aged spirit name? Long *Kingston* live;  
Immortal as thy name, may'st thou e'er stand  
To welcome every age, and every land.

(*Postscripta.*)

*Within those rails that bound thy garden  
square,*

*Thy choicest tropic blossoms bloom no more  
There, where encamp the needy rich and poor.  
E'en where thy cloister'd pilgrims, with  
their songs*

Warm from their hidden altars and their  
tongues,

Once join'd the reeds and strings in incensed  
praise

To Heaven's King, on fix'd repeating days,  
Through blows impartial, desecrating, mix'd  
Lie stones and tablets loving hands once fix'd.

*Again within that dusty circling track,*

*There now a homeless populace lament,*  
*Sky this one's canopy, and that a tent.*



## A TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

## Odes I, 5.

What youth, with many roses, slim,  
With liquid odours sweet, o'er him,  
Woos thee, Pyrrha, beneath some rock's  
Cool grot? For whom bind'st thou thy locks;

Thou simply neat? Ah! oft, trust lost  
And changèd gods he'll weep, and [toss'd]  
Waves, stirr'd by darkling winds, t' his eyes  
All new, will hold his long surprise,

Who, now thee golden deeming, thee  
Enjoys, who hopes thee always free,  
E'er lovable—he mindful not  
O' the treach'rous gale. To those hard lot,

Thou shin'st on new. The sacred wall  
On votive tablet doth install  
My garments wet, as hung by me,  
Tithes to the god, who rules the sea.

## THE BACHELOR'S BUTTON.

Thou, sprite, that blow'st us, rose-buds,  
    To meet and kiss and part,—  
Thou, who dost ever kindle  
    The fires of Cupid's heart,

Thy breath, steep'd with the essence  
    Of sweetest flowers of June—  
Will it not bend towards me  
    A lily fresh and soon?

Here, on the branch that bears me  
    Alone, I sniff the air,  
And rock; yet meet no lily,  
    Who'll whisper in my ear.

Fire me my heart, as Cupid's;  
    Breathe, Love, around us, flowers;  
Blow me again; and I will  
    Sweet whisper at their towers.

## TO THE DEWDROP.

Now morning breathes, earth's fair, anew,  
In gilded garbs appear;  
And thou, too, stainless, smiling Dew,  
Thou, dot, transcendent clear.

Refreshening to all around,  
Reflecting heav'n above,  
Unstain'd a jewel thou art found,  
Fit emblem of pure love.

The bustle of a busy world,  
The thermal rise of day  
Are not for thee; the leaf is curl'd,  
Thy spirit fleets away.

The hours fly; begem me while  
Thy life 'neath heaven glows;  
Long kiss me; and an e'er fresh smile  
Will meet each watching rose.

## TO MAIDIE.

Thy name brought Fancy ; and her hand  
Thy photograph outlined  
Upon these walls, which once did stand  
All bare within my mind.

The buried months made fresher those  
Faint outlines ; and each thought  
Within me bloom'd a fragrant rose :  
And thou the rose I sought.

But will not time cease to divide  
Our trystings that afloat  
Upon its tide we, side by side,  
May sail our little boat ?

## MAID OF THE INDIES.

Maid of the Indies! this you did command.

I would I were so skilful that my quill  
Should not but trace, in this, thee, worthy,  
grand,

So perfectly like thee; for by His will  
God did in thee mould Beauty with His hand.

I would my tongue could render what is sweet,  
Befitting, with full rapture; earth'd seem  
bare,

Bereft if e'er with time thy youth should fleet  
On to eternity vast, certain, near;  
Not thine it is to welcome soon retreat.

Could I with epithets, in numbers good,  
Harmonious touches give those blushing  
cheeks,

About which smiling Dimples silent stood  
Receiving imprints of what glad Mirth  
speaks—

If but my muse were talented—I would

To me, my task is but a laurel rare  
Young bards would never get, if Fate's dark  
frown

Beclouds their brows (e'en though the muse is  
there),

Ere Custom, with her bay, or myrtle crown,  
Gives kingship to their worthy heads once bare.

Indeed, this mould, which breathes thine own  
true breath,

No one else would more fitly hold; and  
though

So glad a print, as this, may meet the death

A short-lived scan from thee could but be-  
stow,

The muse did sing. And now the kind muse  
saith:

"Here rest the tribute." But the muse sets  
here,

On ending, this support all tribute-crest,  
Memento-like of spots to us most dear—

Earth's only symbol of man's saintly rest.

## WITH MY YELLOW ROSE.

And what,—must, as this passing flow'r,  
The first spray and divine of that  
Pure worship, which on thee I show'r,  
All known to thee, be soon forgot,  
As fickle winds  
Must rid my petall'd care of all  
That wish and future could install  
For two so free and kindred minds?

Perchance, '*Adieu, Adieu*' thy lips  
May give my sense too pleased to hear  
Their notes, of which sad Mem'ry sips  
(Now, they have ceased to tune my ear):  
Ah! e'en as wine,  
Thy voice would but intoxicate  
My soul forsaken now, too late  
To know our hands shall ne'er entwine.

Serve me my potion—weal, or woe;  
The cup would savour e'er of all  
That therein Mem'ry's lips would know,  
For thee my thoughts must e'er enthrall:  
Though winds unfair  
My hope, my craft, may vengeful scourge,  
Unless thy breath joins to submerge  
That craft, to thee me shall it bear.

## MY DAUGHTER, OH, MY DAUGHTER.

“My daughter, oh, my daughter!”  
The weeping mother cried.  
“Thy daughter, fairest lady,”  
Said one (’twas eventide),

“Is in that mansion; thither  
I saw her wend her way,  
When light and dark were blending  
To usher in this day.”

“Ah! Sirrah, wait here, linger  
Around my little home  
Till I return with Mary—  
Oh, Heaven, tend my roam.”

The widow’d woman girded  
Her waist, to lift her sack  
One inch; and soon the distance  
Lay trod behind her back.

Now standing by an organ,  
From which great Hadyn’s soul  
Immortal sweet was flowing  
As rare wine from a bowl,



"Stop! Sir," said she: the fingers  
Ceased o'er the keys to roam;  
The voices fled the organ;  
Brief, silence ruled the home.

Then out burst the pale widow:  
"I know that thou hast said,  
'O could I reach that dame's heart,  
To dwell there till I'm dead;'

"Ah, Sir——" But here he stopp'd her.  
"Oh, lady," cried the beau,  
"Your daughter's hand I pined for;  
Her heart (ah, this I know)

"Was mine, is mine; these fingers——"  
But here his voice was drown'd  
By sighs, the blood his cheeks left,  
His brow the 'kerchief found,

"These fingers long have won her  
Proud heart; her letters bear  
Me witness that my wishes  
Were hers, too; this I swear."

A hundred steps resounded  
Upon the carpet green  
That from an inner chamber  
Led to this parlour scene;

The purple curtains parted:  
A damsel, with her hair  
Loose hanging o'er her shoulders,  
Rush'd in to where they were.

"Oh, mother," said the damsel,  
"Fear not; the year of strife  
Thou gavest me is ended;  
I'm now John's wedded wife."

## TO BABY C——.

Thy voice through space in waves—a sea—  
Comes breaking o'er my memory,  
And flooding all, o'er which mine eyes  
Now wander: you before me rise.  
Though time divides this present hour  
From when I saw thee, youthful flow'r,  
I now behold those fearless eyes,  
Through which thy soul surveys what lies  
Around awaiting thee, when days  
Will bring thee, lass, spring's fickle ways.  
But through those eyes, methinks, I see  
A soul that dreads no rod's decree;  
And lips so firm set but reveal  
Such as Truth's own would ne'er conceal.  
What haughty mien crown'd by thy brow!  
And e'en no rippling smiles allow  
Thee to display the simple ways,  
Such budding youth too oft betrays.

## MUSIC'S PART.

Fingers eager but to please  
Dance the keys

High, and low ;  
Fast, then slowly from the cords  
Float sweet chords  
O'er the bow ;  
Anger's eyes deep tinged with red  
Dive the waves, as quick they spread  
Row by row.

Sharp, and flat, and semitone  
Melt the stone

Of a heart ;  
Sparkling clear, as from a fount,  
Tears now mount ;  
Quick, and smart  
Flees revenge from that calm'd breast,  
Where breaks soothing each waves crest :  
Music's part.

Storms rage long ; deep billows roar :  
From the floor

He his eyes  
Lifts ; and, through the window niche,

Meadows rich

Sudden rise:

Waves unseen, and tempest's sprite  
(Sudden hush'd their phantom might),  
Quit their guise.

## A PHANTOM STORM.

The roof was canopy; each idle chair,  
Which stood around me, wore a look of care.  
The hearth was sleeping; summer breathed on  
earth;

And in the fields dwelt every voicesome mirth;  
Whilst all alone the clock the mantelpiece  
Kept to himself, and ne'er his chat would cease.  
A canvas o'er the clock e'er silent speaks;  
It tells of rocky streams, of snow-capp'd peaks,  
Him, having seen no Russian foe to fight,  
Retreating to his den a conquer'd wight,  
In whom earth saw a corp'ral, emp'ror, slave  
When from a throne he'd fled to Freedom's  
grave:

That scene, that Corsican's almighty will  
Did lend themselves that twilight hour to fill.  
And 'round me art, too, frame-pent, voiceless,  
spoke;

I listen'd, until when string'd voices broke  
The silence.

'Twas a midnight ride, as by  
Some dark green cornfield, 'neath a moonlit  
sky,—

One sea reflecting every willing ray

That Phoebe would but shower, on her way;  
And now to hear a sudden gentle noise  
From 'midst the leaves—a little streamlet's  
voice

Attuning earth, and floating at the curves,  
When, o'er the peak by him, his fear-struck  
nerves

Would storm detect, and find him all without  
A raincoat; then as he would turn about  
The willing palfrey, lo, the eyes must find  
White sheets hung from the welkins black; a  
wind,

A-hurrying from the fire display of Jove,  
Fast driven by the voice of him it strove  
In vain t' escape; the pulsive screams of leaves,  
Which must fall smitten, strewn, and not in  
sheaves:

These, these appear, as musing I would dream  
Of what I heard when music was a stream.

## TO BIRDIE.

Oh, birdie, Bird, the cage door  
Is ope, none doth rejoice;  
The roof re-echoes no more  
The music of thy voice.

The linnet, and the thrush, too,  
Who danced each day around,  
And fought the doors to get through,  
And at each other frown'd,

And kiss'd the wires that guarded  
The sanctum of thy cage,  
Hast thou left unrewarded—  
Each left without his wage?

Were they not guards, who watch'd thee  
With patient, jealous eye,  
As if from some dread en'my  
They saw e'er drawing nigh?

But where art thou, oh, birdie?  
Thy spirit haunts thy cage,  
The mem'ry of each laddie,  
Whom Envy did engage.



Each whistle of the spring winds  
Recalls thy memory  
To each, who now in it finds  
A vocal treasury:

The linnet, and the throstle  
Do mourn that thou art gone,  
As now the March winds rustle  
Around the cold, cold stone—

The stone, which marks the fond spot,  
Where once you charming stood:  
Was violence thy hard lot?  
Or hast thou sought the wood?

Is thy sad absence ever  
To see us grow insane?  
From gloomy thoughts deliver  
Our minds, which long have lain

In regions of anxiety,  
Where threat'ning Horrors gaze  
With redden'd eyes, whence Piety  
Is banish'd all her days.

When Beauty, with her brushes,  
Thy rosy cheeks did taint,  
And tinge thy lips with touches  
O' the rarest crimson paint,

When happy Mirth, and Duty

Their touches did combine,  
Remodelling thy beauty  
Here, in thy small confine,

The stern world would then kind grow,  
And happy grew the sad,  
Then, Anger would no ill know,  
And saneness clothed the mad,

The weary hours would light grow,  
And labour pleasure gave,  
Where'er thy smile would free go,  
As light across the wave.

Return, oh, birdie, birdie;  
The linnet and the thrush  
Await thy coming, maidie,  
Thou, birdie, cherub, lady!  
Around thy cage they rush!  
Within thy cage they jostle!  
The linnet, and the throistle,—  
The linnet, and the thrush.

## ETHLYN KER.

Flat was its top; a cent'ry flew  
Once o'er its pebbled paths; that hill  
Was crown'd with one large church, which  
knew

What masonry's deft hand and will  
Could raise to baffle time's decay.  
Beside those paths, slabs, carved with skill,

Reveal'd too many a bed of clay,  
In which the sleepers victims were  
Of every Fate. As there they lay,

And slept, they reck'd not of the stir,  
Which shed sad tears, and raised loud cries  
For one there known as Mistress Ker.

Between the church and eastern skies,  
Within the churchyard guarded, rose  
The pastor's cot in lowly guise.

Beneath its roof, in calm repose,  
As evening's curtains lower'd slow,  
A candle's ray would oft disclose

Fair Ethlyn sitting by its glow.  
A voice, as chanting to each stitch,  
Would always read while she did sew.

The pulpit knew that voice's pitch;  
It fill'd so oft the spacious church,  
Which never knew its tongue to hitch.

As quick a wind the sky did smirch  
With clouds, one Sunday afternoon,  
The choir wish'd no more to perch

As warblers of a strain; but soon  
That voice, which all had known so well—  
The pastor's—led them, as the moon

Her tides. Then as the organ's swell,  
And fingers nimble, feet, each tongue  
Did sudden in hush'd silence dwell,

A deep voice roar'd the hills among:  
Two clouds of threat'ning mien came fast;  
And as they cleft the paths along

For those they led, lo! each quick cast  
A bolt at his brave foeman, and  
The duel did no longer last.

The sun peep'd out to view the land,  
As twilight left the land and sea;  
For, as when youth's too mischievous hand

Offends decorum, then doth flee  
The urchin from fear'd discipline,  
The clouds had sought a western lea.

But there beside the aged shrine  
The target of the duel lay  
Beneath Destruction's foot, and pine

(Whose larger end had dent the clay,  
And now against his thigh it lean'd):  
The cottage lies there to this day.

The pastor's aged wife had ween'd  
Not Fate's decree, as there she sat  
Beside the table, while she clean'd

Each misty lens: the snowy cat  
Then keeping slumb'ring silent watch  
Within the doorway on the mat,

The clock, which many a spring did catch  
Slow tolling every minute's death,  
Its friend upon the grassy patch,

On which Sol wrote when pass'd the breath  
Of every hour, and Ethlyn, all  
Were canopied, unwarn'd by Death.

There was no note of Ethlyn's call.  
To that sad scene, there was a rush,—  
As sounds the wind amidst the tall

Shrubs of the forest's thick-set bush,  
Or e'en 'midst autumn rustling leaves,  
Stiff skirts did flutter, halt, then hush—

A calm. Too long, and deep for breves—  
Those breves, which pedals low long sound—  
Rose each sad groan, such as relieves

The pain of him, who is long bound  
By sorrow, or regret: but they  
Saw given up, by that strewn ground,

Poor Ethlyn in life's less'ning ray.  
A heart, hard press'd by sorrow's weight,  
Upon the stiffen'd tongue will lay

A portion of its weary freight;  
The tongue, then stubborn, silent lies,  
Whilst crowding thoughts confused, ere late,

Now take the tide towards the eyes:  
The feeble pastor silent wept.  
Mix'd groans, and shrieks, and lengthen'd  
cries

Bewail'd the fate of her, who slept;

But Phoebus smiled upon the scene,  
As o'er the western skies he swept

In royal state : this did chagrin  
The heaven occidental, for  
Its blood-tinged face was plainly seen.

As Sol slipp'd through his exit-door,  
The heaven o'er its blood flush'd face  
Drew veil, and shew'd its rage no more.

A sombre mantle o'er the place  
Was spread ; but when the sun did raise  
It, ere he start'd his wonted race,

He saw there, through the morning haze,  
Beneath a willow's ravish'd hair  
(Each lock, a tongue on windy days),

The gather'd friends. A cold, dark air  
Swept every countenance, as slow  
Was Ethlyn lower'd sadly there

To reach her narrow bed. But lo,  
Whene'er pale Death, his cruel shocks  
Gives, who would dare defy? and, oh,

Down cheeks once dry, as desert rocks,  
Flow'd silent streams. Now, one by one,  
They left, some with disorder'd locks.

Beneath that willow, one large stone  
Half buried, with its chisell'd face  
Half turn'd to heaven, there alone

With silent tongue betrays the place,  
Where Ethlyn 'neath a willow's moan  
**Lies, watch'd by many a petall'd grace.**



## NOT THERE WAS SOLITUDE.

Not on that mount of pleasures bare,  
Where all alone I breathed the air  
So cooling, whistling merry tunes,  
For ten and three repeating moons,—  
Not there was solitude. 'Twas not  
Because a kitten had forgot  
To seek the dewy bowers, where  
The feather'd minstrels tuned the air;  
'Twas not the horse, which liked to peep  
Into my room, where lay asleep  
Poor Kitty on my snowy bed;  
'Twas not the winds, which often led  
Their flocks close by my cottage door,  
Or e'en across the glossy floor  
(For, oftentimes, they did intrude  
There) : these did not drive solitude!  
And e'en in sweetest leisure, when  
O'er crag, o'er fence, through wood I then  
Let careful steps my way select  
To pluck buds, which my breast bedeck'd,  
To go to kiss the singing brook,  
Or, haste to hide within a nook  
From driving rain; or when I rode

'Through fens, through mist, or where they  
sow'd  
The golden corn, or ginger : there  
No solitude was ever near.

(Life was a dream too short to thee.)  
As one, who slept with limbs stretch'd free,  
As if but list'ning to some sound  
That murmur'd in the rocky ground,  
With eyelids, lips, and senses seal'd,  
While hover'd 'round about the field  
His guardian angel, leisure spent  
The summer hours in sweet content :  
So I those days when there was e'er  
Thy spirit present. How could there  
Be solitude when thou wast near?

## TO KITTY.

Too loud, too loud I say, Kitty,  
A whisper e'en I hear;  
But snores like thine would chase all thoughts  
That'd wish thee always near.

How oft hast thou me standing made  
A veritable tree,  
To hasten grumbling from my feet  
T' my shoulder, eh, Kitty!

Thy weight doth not my neck oppress,  
Nor doth thy tongue excite  
My nerves; but leers, like those you aim  
At my poor lips, unite

To bid me watch thy mischievous hand:  
Ah! glad am I to see  
That that old lexicon relieves  
My ear, and neck, of thee.

When comes a stony, inky block  
That crumbles in thy bed,  
What next will meet thy fancy, Kit,  
To choose as bed, instead?

Oh! naughty, pet,—why with thy hand  
Now blur what shew the path,  
O'er which my steely steed did trot?  
Why rouse pegasan wrath?

Hear! footprints, on this milky way,  
Are not of those that mark  
Thy tribe, thy race, thy sense; thou art  
At best but in the dark.

And, now, before I do transfer  
The spirits of this page  
(Since I must bury what I wrote,  
And, too, my innocent rage),

Let these same bearers of their forms  
Bear thee to where much dust  
Would lie, if from my good cigar  
Drop ashes, crust by crust.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Ah! well did Spring with magic touch transform

The forest skeletons to shapes that shade  
The landscape em'rald that, with the alarum  
A nation's knell now sounds (for thou  
hast made

Thine exit), I may, on this side the glade,  
Bespread thy bed with newest leaves of bay,  
Which ere the vengeful summer's gone  
may fade:

Thee England mourns; for, lo, to her dismay,

She woke to find her darling hero lifeless clay.

Thee, type of English daring, Eton's pride,  
Youth's guide upon the road to martial  
fame,

Thy country mourns: and lonely now beside  
Thy couch stands Courage weeping, fearless  
dame—

Thy consort o'er the fields that knew thy  
name.

Which of the cruel Fates with feigning love

Did kiss thee, Redvers, with her lips  
    afame  
With red revenge, because 'twas not with  
    glove  
Some thornful entities from earth thou didst  
    remove?

Sleep well. For latest days, now Honour  
    writes  
Upon the tablet of thy Country's heart  
Thy name amongst those of the bravest  
    wights:  
Permitteth me my muse to act her part,  
Me yet unskill'd in her divinest art;  
Unlaurell'd though, she'd wind about thy  
    head  
A wreath of bay, whose leaves would  
    soonest start  
To mellow. But to whom shall Courage  
    wed?  
She leaves what was but yesterday her bridal  
    bed.  
June 3, 1908.

## THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

Greece, Italy, and others—all have seen  
Their fields made vast arenas, where  
dread strife

Drain'd many a bravest heart that long had  
been

A mother's joy, her pride, her highest  
life:

Canadian fields, too, have fierce fights,  
not rife,

Made gory; redden'd the Saint Lawrence  
ran,

Perhaps in anger, when Quebec, his wife,  
Lay maim'd, for Wolfe had led his every  
man

E'en to her iron gates, he leader of the van.

*War* charged the breath of England's loyal  
sons;

And *war* the Frenchman's: for three  
passing years

On either side th' Atlantic's tide, their guns  
By rival thunders signall'd common  
tears.

“Go, take Quebec,” said Pitt, new to the  
cares  
Of premier office in the Empire wide;  
Wolfe martiall’d arms, long eager; sail’d:  
dark Fears  
(That would but try to stain a nation’s  
pride)  
From Saunder’s frigates fled, as fast these  
plough’d the tide.

In numbers far superior, from the Fall  
Of Montmorency to Saint Charles, stood  
fast  
The French in deepest ranks,—’twas Duty’s  
call;  
But when from Isle Orleans brave Wolfe  
had cast  
A martial eye benearing what was last  
Upon his sweeping scan, the blood soon fled  
To each his pallid cheek, as o’er the vast  
Canadian fluvial shore his eye had sped  
Obstructed by a gun-peak’d wall soon ridged  
with dead.

And two days more, June would have left  
Wolfe’s arms  
Still idle on the islet of Orleans;  
But blood as his was, test’d, unspill’d by  
harms  
Brought near at Falkirk, Dettingen, and  
scenes



More daring colour'd, as at Rochefort's  
greens,—  
That blood him fill'd with ire, which  
breathed command  
To take this strongest fortress by a means  
Forlorn, and fruitless, when against a land  
Fort-crown'd, and mann'd, his latest stratagem  
was plann'd.

What if had Monckton, Townshend, Mur-  
ray seen  
The plots staged faithfully—just as de-  
sign'd!  
What if the fruits of later feats, though  
green,  
Had ripen'd, and not scorch'd by adverse  
wind—  
When fell four hundred, prey to fire un-  
kind!  
Now watch'd brave hearts of oak, beneath a  
sky  
Of summer glow, from silent guns be-  
hind,  
While one, majestic in command, with eye  
Far seeing, learnt what was so distant, as if  
nigh.

The summer hours, now near all gather'd,  
lay  
Abundant 'neath the leafy mounds of oak  
And pine, when Wolfe, along the wat'ry way

Unlit, with muffled oars, and silent stroke  
Led on the martial skiffs he mann'd.  
When woke  
Montcalm of French renown, from where  
he'd lain,  
He saw, as if awaked, too, when day  
broke,  
A host array'd, south-west, upon the plain  
That table-like rose far above the crystal main;  
  
For all unseen had Wolfe the steep way led,  
His treach'rous footing made safe by the  
hand.  
Now proud behind his turrets, Montcalm  
said:  
"I shall erase them soon from where they  
stand:"  
And as he voicèd this his bold command:  
"Advance! Charge! Fire! Stain ye your  
swords with blood;  
Your bayonets ensheathe in sinews; and  
Stay not the Eagle's course till runs a flood  
From every talon wound to dye the river's  
mud,"  
  
Forth belch'd a myriad fires, and thunders  
roar'd,  
As if a hundred Joves had storm'd the  
spheres;  
But still obedient, though with patience  
bored,

The English—targets—answer'd not : like  
bears  
They patient crouch'd behind the fence-  
like lairs  
Their rifles made in steel-crown'd rows ; and  
when  
Within their range the French came, un-  
awares  
They show'r'd a blinding storm of fire,  
which then  
Sent reeling back, pell-mell, Montcalm and all  
his men.

Wolfe led the way to vict'ry ; but 'twas thrice  
Upon the way he halted, stung by fire :  
Once, twice he rose, and start'd again ; the  
vice  
Of Death him held when last he fell. As  
higher  
The tide of charging rose, he did enquire,  
Reclining, swooning, as he heard *They run* :  
“Who run ?” And one replied : “The  
en'my. Sire ;”  
Cried Wolfe to him : “Let nothing pass a  
gun  
From fields outlying to Montcalm, till vict'ry's  
won.”

And ere the tide of battle swept Montcalm  
And his battalions from the fort, Wolfe  
lay,

Upon the Plains of Abraham, soothed with  
balm—

Eternal healing to his aching clay

Now stark, and cold, 'neath heaven's fading  
ray.

Montcalm, too, cross'd the lonely darksome  
vale,

Through which had Wolfe pass'd on that  
fatal day;

And those he left behind to tell the tale

Ere long did find themselves within the Eng-  
lish pale.

## GETTYSBURG.

I felt this morning's breath as on it pass'd  
Towards eternity; and now the noon  
Is serving me not what the morning, last,  
Had giv'n; and what will evening bring  
me soon?  
These, as the Fates, my measured hours  
attune  
As please them all obedient to their iceberg  
Hearts—cold indiff'rence: 'twas on a new  
moon  
They breathed a new Thermopylae:—at  
Hamburg,  
Or Berlin rather? No, not there,—at Gettys-  
burg.

At Gettysburg low laid—from where rise  
peak'd,  
And sad, opposing heights in parallel ways  
(Save where the one in curvature had  
sneak'd  
Away from strifes of earlier summer  
days),—  
At Gettysburg, methinks, as now doth  
gaze

A summer sun upon that hallow'd spot,  
I see the war-clouds gather thick, and  
prays  
One that the spark, the thunder-clap would  
not  
But bring, in showers, the good that is man's  
joyous lot.

The thund'ring had all ceased at Sharpsburg,  
where  
A field was claim'd and won; the hope,  
the fire,  
Which fill'd each breast, on future fields did  
glare;  
And there were seen new vict'ries—one  
desire:  
But, ah, at Gettysburg, burst forth the ire,  
Full blown, revengeful of the past defeat:  
Through burning hours, three noons did  
it require  
To muster fullest strength: blood at red-  
heat  
Made then that field an altar, now a sad retreat.

Dark-brow'd, cloud-capp'd, and hydra-head-  
ed, down  
Upon the gath'ring arms look'd sadly  
those  
Hills, at fair Gettysburg. Who watch'd them  
frown

When, as July from months of slumber  
rose,  
Friends, kit and kin, in dubious fight did  
close?  
They saw, they felt, they drank, with heav'n  
they wept,  
For at their feet those, who were blood-  
knit foes,  
Lay heap'd, and cold; and while these  
breathless slept,  
The bruised trees, like sentinels, the vigil kept.

Morn saw a skirmish; eve unsettled strife;  
Next evening saw the Fates still wrang-  
ling o'er  
The fickle balance; but the third, the life  
Blood of Earth's largest plann'd republic  
more  
To one side weigh that strife, full stain'd  
with gore.  
True pivoted at Picket's charge,—as fell,  
It stay'd; and this at Gettysburg. Afore  
Old Waterloo, now Gettysburg doth tell  
That on it last a nation's destiny did dwell.

## INSECURITY.

The mighty oak, mail'd 'gainst the tempest's  
    rage,  
Yet target of Jove's anger, red, and blind,  
Monarch for years, may in one moment yield  
Securest fame to but an acorn's bud:  
So yielding may be what earth knows as fame,  
Time's ravage knows not health, nor hour, nor  
    name.



## IF.

A yawning gap, or but Gibraltar-like  
A steep abrupt, ne'er to be overcome,  
Attainment from the unattain'd to some  
Divides; and each the ditch, or but the dike,  
Which marks the place where'er the Will did  
strike  
'Gainst dread Defeat's all rattling, shatt'ring  
bomb,  
Or meet Success with glad and noisy hum  
For vantage 'gainst an almost deadly pike.

This common semblance of prevention meets  
The ear from those, who would, or could, or  
should,  
But did not reach the now-wish'd vantage seats  
Which Mem'ry, or the world would own as  
good;  
And just as Time of yore, the Present greets  
This IF defending now as e'er it could.

## NEVER.

The wishful eyes spill tears for what is near,  
And far enough to tantalise the mind;  
The arm outstretch'd to pluck so glad a find  
Would still, through fingers dancing, fill the  
air  
With vain inventions fraught with prospects  
fair,  
And spectre-like,—these, tunnell'd paths to  
wind  
Through mighty obstacles that hopeless  
blind  
A willing industry, a need, a care.

Unown'd, and out of reach a treasure sits  
Inviting to most mortals; but a Fate  
With wilful plans had made her regal writs  
Ordaining feast for eyes, but nought of date  
When lingual touch takes place, for it ne'er  
flits  
In downward flight to please him, who  
would wait.

## A-MATING.

Life's path all strewn with roses,  
Or one full set with thorn,  
Life's day made of reposes,  
One breathing hopes forlorn,

Succeeding days all sunny,  
Or days of weeping hours,  
All life pursuing money,  
Or years in Idle's bowers,

Would weary even patience,  
And sick'n a healthy mind;  
Whilst blended, their joint presence  
Makes absent each its kind

(Just as in Music, measures  
Bereft of discords shew  
Too clear the hidden treasures,  
Which plent'ous seen, cheap grow;

Or, bars with discords studded  
Declare the art insane;  
Whilst if all earth is flooded  
By both in mingling strain,

With music irrigating,  
Imagination yields) :  
Dame Nature's song, *A-Mating*,  
Must e'er attune her fields.

## TO CONSCIENCE.

Fair arbiter of all men's deeds,  
Whose fearless nod doth relegate  
Proud Right, and shameless Wrong to sate  
Each o'er his mem'ry's wheat, and weeds!

Wise choice is thy secure abode  
Hid from the gaze of influence vile;  
Conniving not at Satan's wile,  
Undaunted, Justice guards thy road.

The wise, the great wait at thy feet,  
And with earth's humblest list to thee;  
The judge, the prisoner, bond, and free  
Before thy throne in common meet.

Save when thine intellect is blunt—  
When Justice from thy side departs,  
Thus leaving thee the king of hearts  
That shine at Lucifer's dark font;

And Mem'ry then before thy throne,  
With plaints against thy past decrees,  
Would write upon her cheeks the pleas  
Successful 'gainst wrongs thou hast done—

The span, which from thine earliest hours  
Brings thee the last, is laurell'd by  
The choicest leaves that ever sigh  
In winds that bathe fair Eden's bowers.

Since passing years no foot-marks leave  
Upon thy locks, let fleeting time  
No false ideal, from polar clime  
To tropic, give, thee to deceive.

## PATIENCE.

Wait patiently on God's own time;  
In waiting, never tire:  
Protracted springtime fitter makes  
The fruit for Summer's fire.

Leap forward not; move cautiously;  
Thy time and action plan;  
The past, thy chart; the future, fields;  
And courage, shield: O man.

While mortals slumber, fathom low  
Thy deep cavernous mind;  
A golden morn, a silver cloud  
May greet thy midnight find.

Her strength, once dormant, Earth doth see  
To gather motive pow'r;  
And unexpected shatter'd lies  
Wealth's worshipp'd, mossy tow'r.

The air in slumber lieth, as  
A fickle sprite, at rest;  
But madden'd antics soon it hurls  
O'er Earth's defenceless breast.

And while the billows monsterlike  
The tempest lashes wild,  
The port-bound pilot wise remains  
The storm's obedient child.

But ne'er with patience armour thee,  
If *Sluggard* be thy role ;  
For, on life's stage, each motion doth  
Reveal the actor's soul.



## AT EASTERTIDE.

What here belingers sighs, and tears,  
Which would relieve the soul  
Of burd'ning thoughts fraught with dark  
fears,—  
That ne'er 't may reach its goal?

Methinks, I hear a whisper say :  
“ 'Twas Eastertide the first,  
Christ armoured in mortal clay,  
Death's gate for once did burst.”

Ah! yes,—and now 'tis Eastertide;  
From wintry slumber Earth  
Has risen; and here doth abide  
Blithe Spring of tender birth:

So, at that Eastertide, when graves  
Their charges all must yield,  
Earth's vanquish'd, captors, lords, and slaves  
Anew will meet a-field.

## CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

Hark, hark, I hear the tongues of Christmas  
bells

(Whose silv'ry notes, too, mark an Au-  
tumn's fall)

To many a hill, and to their spiry dells  
Are gath'ring faithful flocks, each with its  
call.

List, list the chimes : the echoes in my ear  
Tell what the wise men saw on Christmas  
morn,

When to His kingdom did a King appear :  
His birth no royal pageant did adorn.

Thither from 'far, Him sages came to see,  
Rich with the Orient's treasures ; to His feet  
A star did guide them, and their company—  
The angels—cheer'd them with hozannas  
sweet.

See, in the morning candle's waning light,  
The little children, 'waken'd show their glee :  
For in the sombre hours, hid from their sight  
A father brought them treasures much, and  
free.

The promise, which an age had waited long  
To see, shot forth at last into the world;  
The shoot sprang up the wheat and tares  
among;  
Though lopp'd it sent aloft its leaves unfurl'd;

Far o'er the land the shady branches wave,  
Scatt'ring fresh seeds; and here some flourish free:  
We are but shoots; and till we reach the grave,  
Let *Onward*, *Upward* e'er our watchwords be.

Now varied years assemble to outpour  
Each the heart's measure, each with grateful mind;  
Tongues, now in silence buried, did adore  
Him, who was meek, and gentle, loving, kind:

As those, too, who within some sacred hall  
Now gather, we ourselves—glad treasures—bring  
Along with incensed praise, with gold; let all  
Our cares, too, lie before our Saviour King.

Night reigns, a candle rules its little realm;  
At dawn, Night's luminaries dimly burn:  
He, who by fear had sway'd a statecraft's helm,

Sat soon forgot by men, who quick did  
turn—

Some glad, some doubting—to the Manger's  
door;

But now the sovereign would, to join the  
throng,

Descend his throne, and, unlike him of yore,  
Would seek Him with meek footsteps,  
pray'r, and song.

## ODES TO THE SEASONS.

## I.

Triumphant Spring! as gaily o'er the fields  
Thou mak'st thy pageant march, the tonguèd  
winds  
Glad hail thine advent, which their songs pro-  
claim  
From ocean's crests to farthest peaked bow'rs.  
Ere long, no more the white-mask'd spires shall  
view  
Thy fields with tearsome eyes; nor will the  
hearth  
Keep by his side, O Spring, earth's bubbling  
mirth,—  
The sun is near, reviewing tropic foams.  
In Nature's carpets, flow'rs of varying hues  
Are interwoven; on the once shorn trees  
Green caps, with tassels dangling in the air,  
Make light and shade, where sight the distance  
sees;  
Ah! Summer must succeed thee, and his breath  
Shall parch the beaut'ous emblems of thy days!

## II.

As with a brazen eye, the meadows green  
Thou, Summer, dost survey, thy less'ning gaze  
Of fierce regret must watch the nimble hours,  
As slow they, number'd, lie for Autumn's  
tread.

Hail, Summer! swift to rent the veiled sky  
With hurled darts, the earth's too tim'rous  
throng

Bewail thine anger, but with noisesome voice  
Invoke thee blessings, while thy pleasures live.  
Thy reign is ending; tender Autumn's cry  
Will soon be heard, but never by thine ear—  
A brother's ear,—ere long thee stark and cold  
A leafy sepulture will cover o'er;  
Whilst there thou dreamest, Autumn will re-  
joice  
For bounties, which thy fire now doth prepare.

## III.

O Autumn, Autumn! thine it is to mourn  
The year's decline, as o'er dead Summer's pile  
Thy tending winds must soon their requiems  
pore,  
Whilst trees, and shrubs their headgears off  
must throw.  
And as the golden fields, and meadows green  
Thou wouldst but garner, fill thy spacious  
stores,

That Winter's sunken mouth may, as afore,  
Rich choose from what a gen'rous Spring did  
sow.

How fickle are thy ways: the land, the sea  
In thee feel Winter's touch, and Summer's  
breath;

Would that thy locks no traces of fled days  
Betray,—the silv'ry hue of revered age.  
Alas! thou, too, must go with passing Time,  
And take thy mantled rest beneath the snow.

## IV.

None welcomes thee, grim Winter: thy cold  
breath

Doth strike in vain the door, the window pane;  
By day, by night, the gen'rous hearth doth  
spend

His moments in the Pleasures' company;  
Without, the streams, which once the oceans  
fed,

Lie glossy, dreaming; and asleep their might;  
And Earth, beneath a blanket white and cold  
Keeps warm the tender seedlings for Spring's  
care;

Lest thou extinguishest his blazing hearth,  
Far from thy haunts the sun betakes himself  
To where a Spring's wan spirit was outdone,  
And Summer's sprite well to succeed doth  
strive;

His northward journey, now begun, shall  
bring,  
Ere long, the welcome end of thy dread reign.

## v.

Ye, royal sons immortal of the year,  
Of whom two, peers, contemporaneously  
Divide earth's waste, which twain the tropic  
leaves  
You,—each, your portion of a hemisphere!  
As Phoenix', e'er your dust must faithful bear  
Again each future season but to rule  
Anew, twice while the sun his yearly course  
Pursues reviewing how the planets fare.  
The concert of your blending pleases Earth,  
And fittest colours gives in every tone,  
Save where perennial breathes an aged Spring  
'Neath summer skies o'ertopping autumn fields,  
Which constant dress'd in gaudy em'rald, shew  
No sunken trace of any passing year—  
The ashen hue of age—hoar-frost, and  
snow,—  
The tropic tree sheds not a winter tear.



## EVENING HYMN.

Ere my freed spirit hovers near  
The dark still waters of Death's stream,  
I pray that 'Thou my plea wouldst hear,  
While lingereth the candle's gleam:  
O Lord! protect me while I lie  
Unconscious 'neath this canopy.

The setting sun hath led to earth  
The shades that rule the nightly hours;  
And now bereft of day's glad mirth,  
I take content the lot that's ours:  
O Lord! let this my humble cry  
Reach Thee from 'neath earth's canopy.

Soon in Earth's sombre mantle's fold  
This frame awaits my soul's return;  
But if from Life's day to Death's cold,  
Long night I pass to fill my urn,  
Then keep, Lord, for my soul on high  
A place 'neath heaven's canopy.

## "GOD BLESS OUR ISLAND HOME."

Thou, land of tropic beauty!  
Glad home of laughing rills!  
May Heaven's 'special duty  
Enrich thy dales and hills:  
Thy bulwarks guard thy towers;  
Thy moat, with corals strewn,  
Protects thy shady bowers,  
Which merry breezes tune:  
Thou, child of England's valour!  
Thy sons' hearts beat with pride,  
As peoples do thee honour  
Afar, and at thy side.

The skies e'er paint at pleasure  
The surface of thy seas,  
And to thee fit climes measure,  
Queen of the Antilles:  
May God forever bless thee,  
Thy children kindly care,  
And rule thee with His mercy  
Throughout the live-long year:  
Our incense—pray'rs, we ever  
Glad offer—rises free,

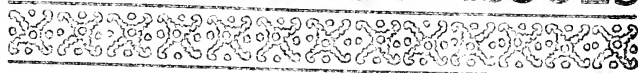
That thee He may deliver  
From every misery.

Thou, home of heroes valiant,  
Whose fires swept the seas!  
Their names, as stars, still brilliant  
Illumine galaxies:  
Though storms, and earthquakes shatter  
Thine idols, queenly Isle,  
Thy sons will never scatter  
In fear of Nature's guile;  
And e'en where Nature freezes,  
Or where thy sailors roam,  
There e'er will tune the breezes:  
"God Bless Our Island Home."

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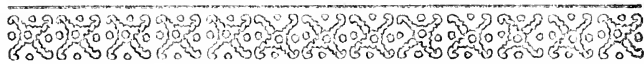
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